



ROY THOMAS, ARVELL JONES & MIKE CLARK

# ALL-STAR SQUADRON

75¢  
58  
JUNE 86  
APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY



KEEP BACK!  
NO MATTER WHAT  
**MEKANO**  
HAS DONE--

--SHE'S  
**MINE!**



**EXTRA!**  
**JOHNNY THUNDER**



EARLY APRIL, 1942: EVEN UNDER A DAWN SKY AS PRETERNATURALLY RED AS THE NIGHT WHICH PRECEDED IT, QUEENSBOROUGH TRASHMAN SAM FENNER'S DAY BEGINS AT HALF-PAST FIVE.



FUNNY THING. THAT'S ABOUT WHEN DOROTHY AND ALMA MAE WILSON'S NIGHT STARTS WINDING UP, A FEW DOORS DOWN.



AND PATROLMAN LARRY KATZ? HE'S SMACK DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS SHIFT.



FOR ALL OF THEM--



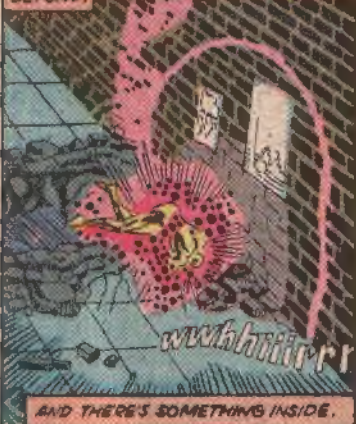
--THIS WARTIME, POST-BLACKOUT MORNING--



--WILL BE A POST-WAR ANECDOTE.



FOR, THE LIGHT BEAM WENT THROUGH WALL AND BUILDING BOTH... TO COME OUT IN THE ALLEY BEYOND.



SOMETHING WHICH GATHERS THE FAST-FADING GLOW TO ITSELF LIKE AN INHALATION OF BREATH.



SOMETHING THAT SEEMS BOTH LESS AND MORE THAN HUMAN.





BUT FOR BUZZY JACKSON, ONE OF THE BRIGHT YOUNG MEN IN HIS WALL STREET FIRM BEFORE THE COASH OF '29 AND SINCE THEN A FIERCELY LOYAL RESIDENT OF THE BACK STREETS OF QUEENS, IT'S GOING TO BE MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER ANECDOTE.

IN FACT, COULD JUST BE IT'S GOING TO BE THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT OF HIS MIDDLE-AGED LIFE.

S-SAY, MAC...  
DON'T I  
KN-KNOW  
YOU...?

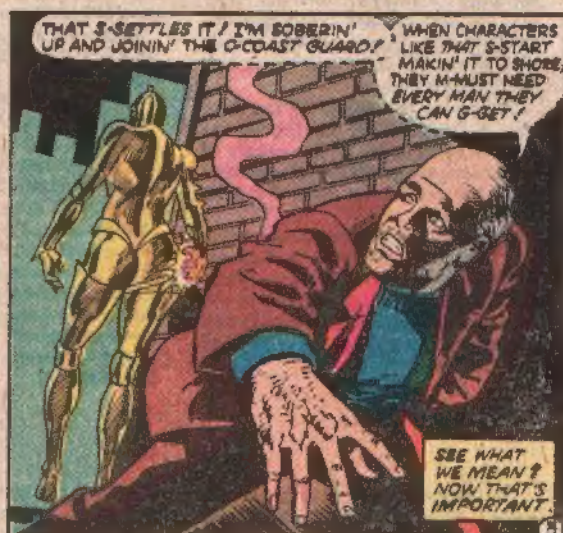
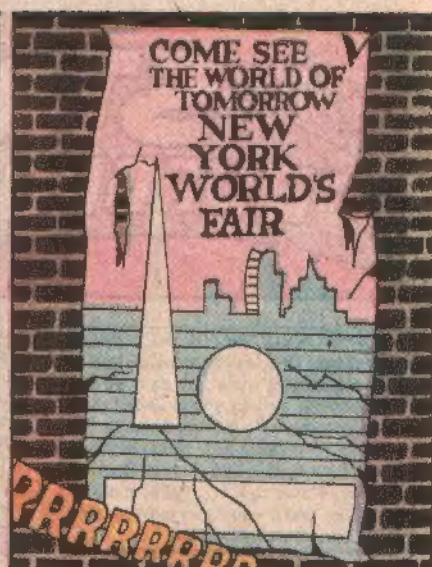


COME SEE  
THE WORLD OF  
TOMORROW  
NEW  
YORK  
WORLD  
FAIR

WHRRRR









MEANWHILE, IN FLUSHING MEADOW, QUEENS, NEW YORK--WORK GOES FORWARD ON REPAIRING THE DAMAGE DONE TO ALL-STAR HQ BY THE GANG HEADED BY THE ALIEN ENTITY KNOWN AS DOOM THE MIGHTY--

--ON AN EARTH WHERE, THUS FAR INEXPLICABLY, THE RED-SKY CONDITIONS ASSOCIATED WITH THE CRISIS ON INFINITE EARTHS HAVE ENDURED, EVEN THOUGH THE HEROES RECRUITED BY HARBINGER HAVE BEEN RETURNED, AMNESIAC, TO THE FOLD!\*

HERE ARE SOME MORE METAL SHEETS YOU CAN USE TO REPAIR THE TRYLON, SUPERMAN.

WHEN YOU'RE DONE UP THERE, HAWKGIRL, HOW ABOUT HELPING FLASH AND ME REPAINT THE PERISPHERE?

AW, C'MON, JOHNNY, YOU KNOW THAT, AT THE RATE WE'RE GOING, WE'LL BE FINISHED BEFORE SHE COULD SO MUCH AS PICK UP A PAINTBRUSH.

IF THAT'S TRUE, BOYS, I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF TASKS THAT OUGHT TO KEEP YOU BUSY FOR A WHILE.

# I SING THE BODY ROBOTIC!

ROY THOMAS  
WRITER

ARVELL JONES  
PENCILLER

VINCE COLLETTA  
INKER

DANN THOMAS  
CO-PLOTTER

DAVID CODY  
WEISS  
LETTERER

CARL SAFFORD  
COLORIST

1942--a world at war! And of Earth-Two have banded

HOLD 'ER STEADY, FELLAS--WHILE FIREBRAND AND I FINISH SOLDERING THESE BEAMS.

RIG THIS TO E

SO WHAT'S TARANTULA DOING SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET OFF THE GROUND?

WITH THESE GUYS ON JOB THERE'S NOTHING FOR ME TO DO BESIDES GATHER ANECDOTAL M FOR MY POST-WAR ME

\*SEE ISSUES #54-57 --R



1942—a world at war! And against the forces of Axis darkness, the mightiest heroes of Earth-Two have banded together, under direct orders of the President, as the

# ALL STAR SQUADRON™

HOLD 'ER STEADY, FELLAS--WHILE FIREBRAND AND I FINISH SOLDERING THESE BEAMS.

WITH YOU AROUND, SUPERMAN, THE REST OF US COULD TAKE OFF FOR ATLANTIC CITY AND OUR HEADQUARTERS'D STILL BE READY FOR OCCUPANCY BY MID-MORNING.

THAT ISN'T EXACTLY THE POINT, IS IT, GREEN LANTERN?

RIGHT, DR. FATE, THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A TEAM EFFORT.

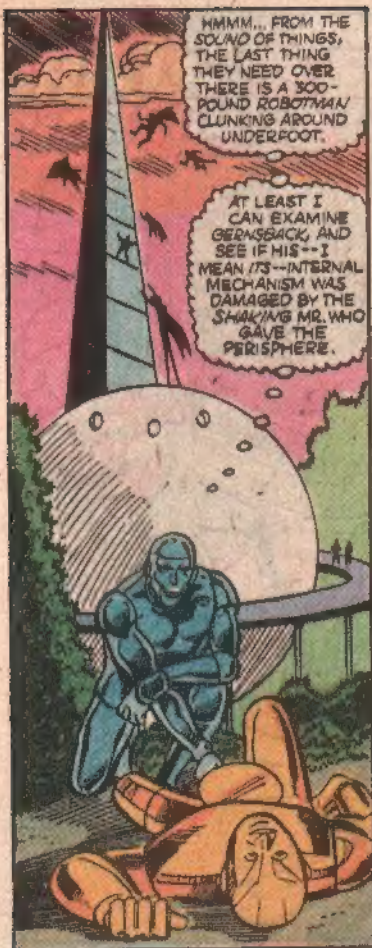
SO WHAT'S TARANTULA DOING SEVERAL HUNDRED FEET OFF THE GROUND?

WITH THESE GUYS ON THE JOB THERE'S NOTHING MUCH FOR ME TO DO BESIDES GATHER ANECDOTAL MATERIAL FOR MY POST-WAR MEMOIRS.

SEE ISSUES #34-37 --R.

"Now this is not the end..."  
--Winston Churchill, later in 1942.





MMMM... FROM THE SOUND OF THINGS, THE LAST THING THEY NEED OVER THERE IS A 300-POUND ROBOTMAN CLUNKING AROUND UNDERFOOT.

AT LEAST I CAN EXAMINE GERNSBACK, AND SEE IF HIS--I MEAN ITS--INTERNAL MECHANISM WAS DAMAGED BY THE SHAKING MR. WHO GAVE THE PERSPHONE.



WELL, GUESS THAT JUST ABOUT WRAPS 'ER UP HERE.

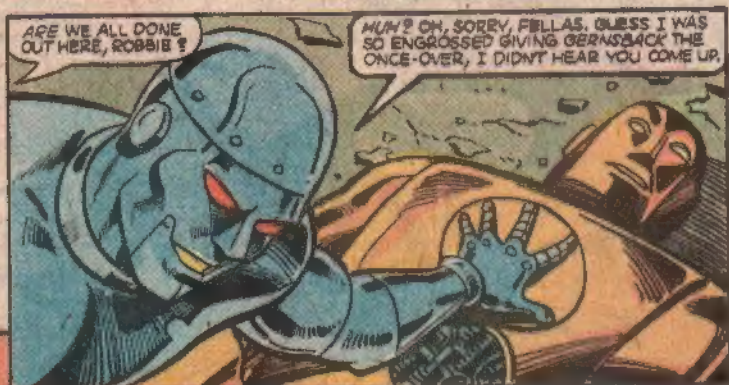
GREAT, THEN WHAT SAY WE ALL GO INSIDE AND HAVE A NICE HOT CUP OF JAVA?



I SECOND THAT MOTION. WHAT SAYS OUR FEARLESS LEADER-LADY?

I THINK HE MEANS YOU, LIBERTY BELLE.

SURE, WHY NOT--IF WE'RE REALLY ALL DOVE OUT HERE.



ARE WE ALL DONE OUT HERE, ROBBIE?

MUM? OH, SORRY, FELLAS. GUESS I WAS SO ENGROSSSED GIVING GERNSBACK THE ONCE-OVER, I DIDNT HEAR YOU COME UP.



YEAH, HOW IS OUR ROBOT VALET, ANYWAY? Y'KNOW, IT'S FUNNY, BUT--I DON'T KNOW, WHEN I WAS PLAYING GIN RUMMY WITH GERNIE BEFORE, HE SEEMED ALMOST AS HUMAN AS--  
UH...

GO AHEAD, HOURMAN. 'S MR. RIGHT? ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU WERE ABOUT TO SAY?

HEY, AREN'T YOU GETTING KIND'A TOUCHY, ROB? HE DIDN'T SAY THAT AT ALL.

I DON'T NEED IT SPELLED OUT, MAZE. MY BRAIN'S STILL HUMAN, EVEN IF THAT'S ALL OF ME THAT IS.

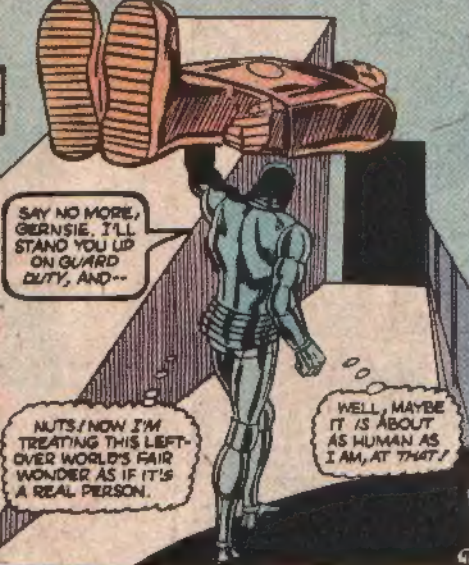
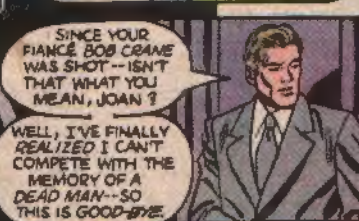
LOOK, MAYBE A CUP OF COFFEE'S JUST WHAT WE NEED. COMING, CHUM?

YOU TWO GO AHEAD. I'LL FINISH UP OUT HERE FIRST.



COME ON, REX. YOU CAN TAKE ANYTHING BUT A HINT, CAN'T YOU?











YEAH, I KNOW. I'M AS SICK WITH WORRY ABOUT SANDMAN AS YOU MUST BE ABOUT HAWKMAN.

I KNOW FATE AND OCCULT TRACED ALL EIGHT MISSING USAERS TO ANOTHER DIMENSION-- SO MAYBE THEY'RE ALL RIGHT--

AND I KNOW I'M THE ONE WHO TOLD YOU TO KEEP A STIFF UPPER LIP--

\*LAST ISSUE--ROD\*

--BUT I CAN'T HELP IT! IF ANYTHING EVER HAPPENED TO CARTER-- I WOULDN'T WANT TO GO ON LIVING.

HEY, NOTHING'S GONNA HAPPEN TO THE JUSTICE SOCIETY. THOSE GUYS ARE LEGENDS.

C'MON. WANNA HELP ME BATTEN DOWN A FEW LOOSE NATCHES?

IN A MINUTE, SANDY, OKAY?

IN A MINUTE.

SURE.

Heh... NOW I SEE WHY BATMAN AND ROBIN SCOOTED BACK TO GOTHAM CITY AFTER WE CLEANED UP OOM'S GANG.

WHAT GOOD'S A MASKED HERO WITHOUT SPECIAL POWERS--

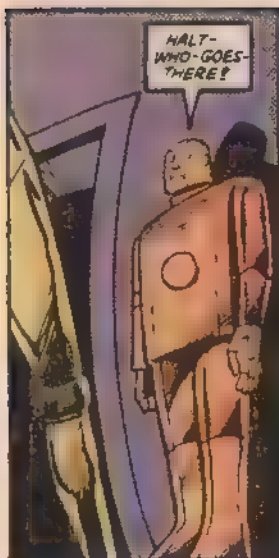
--WHEN HE'S SURROUNDED BY GUYS LIKE THIS?

WHEN YOU'RE DONE THERE, TARANTULA, WOULD YOU MIND GIVING FIREBRAND A HAND WITH SOME WELDING?

SURE, THAT'S WHAT IT SAID ON THE JOB DESCRIPTION FOR THIS GROUP, RIGHT?

\*MYSTERY-MAN WANTED: NO SPECIAL POWERS NECESSARY, BUT MUST SWING A MEAN HAMMER!\*



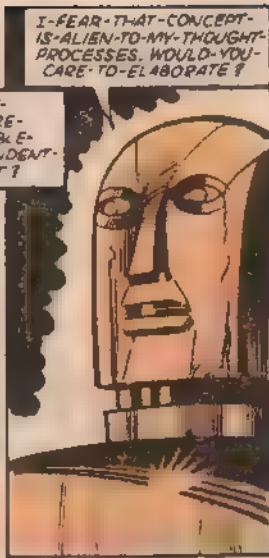


HALT-  
WHO-GOES-  
THERE?



INTERESTING A-ROBOT-OF-  
PRIMITIVE-DESIGN-YET-  
STILL-ADVANCED-FOR-  
THIS-TIME-PERIOD

TELL-ME-  
PLEASE-ARE-  
YOU-CAPABLE-  
OF-INDEPENDENT-  
THOUGHT?



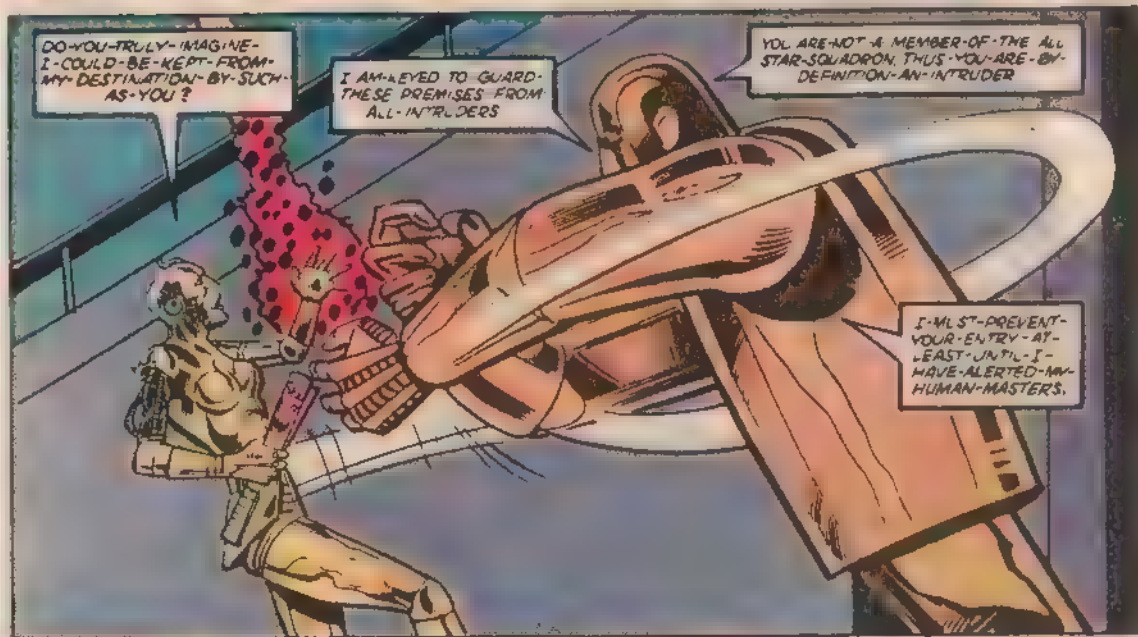
I-FEAR-THAT-CONCEPT-  
IS-ALIEN-TO-MY-THOUGHT-  
PROCESSES. WOULD-YOU-  
CARE-TO-ELABORATE?



NO-NEED-YOU-HAVE-TOLD-  
ME-WHAT-I-WISHED-TO-  
KNOW.

NOW-STAND-ASIDE-  
PLEASE I-HAVE-URGENT-  
BUSINESS-INSIDE.

I-CANNOT-  
ALLOW-YOU-  
TO-PASS

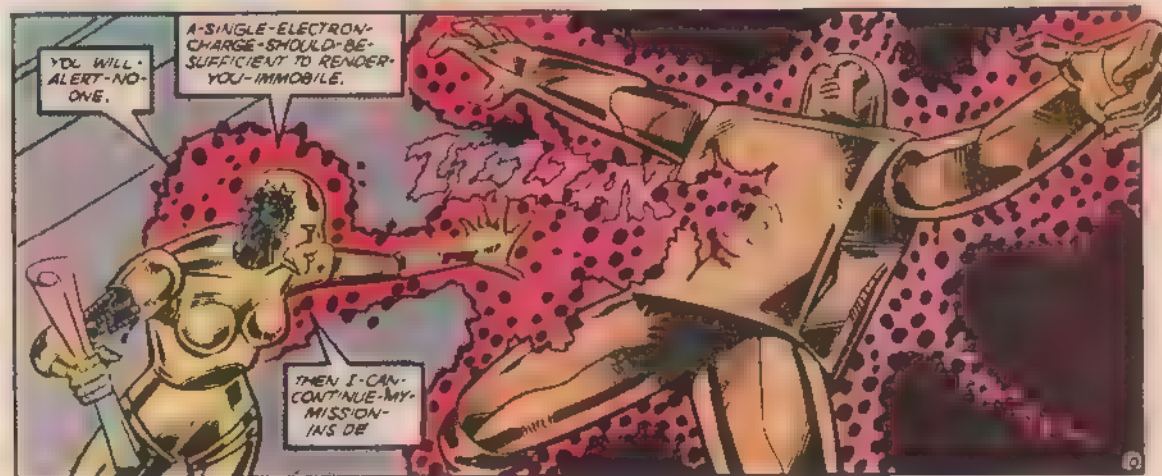


DO-YOU-TRULY-IMAGINE-  
I-COULD-BE-KEPT-FROM-  
MY-DESTINATION-BY-SUCH-  
AS-YOU?

I-AM-KEYED-TO-GUARD-  
THESE-PREMISES-FROM-  
ALL-INTRUDERS

YOU-ARE-NOT-A-MEMBER-OF-THE-ALL-  
STAR-SQUADRON, THUS-YOU-ARE-BY-  
DEFINITION-AN-INTRUDER

I-MUST-PREVENT-  
YOUR-ENTRY-AT-  
LEAST-UNTIL-I-  
HAVE-ALERTED-MY-  
HUMAN-MASTERS.

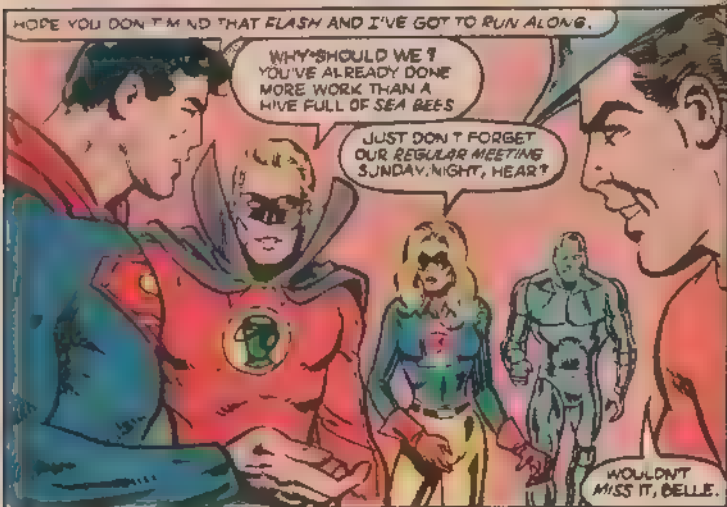
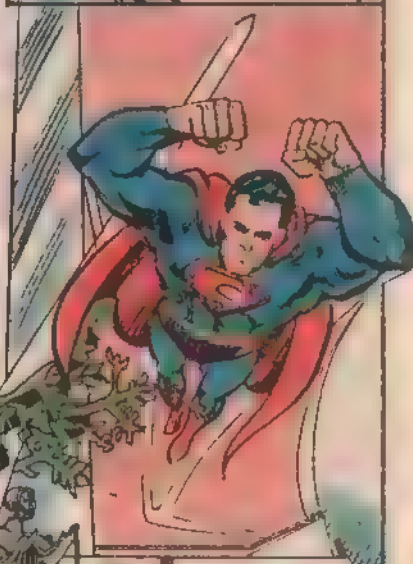
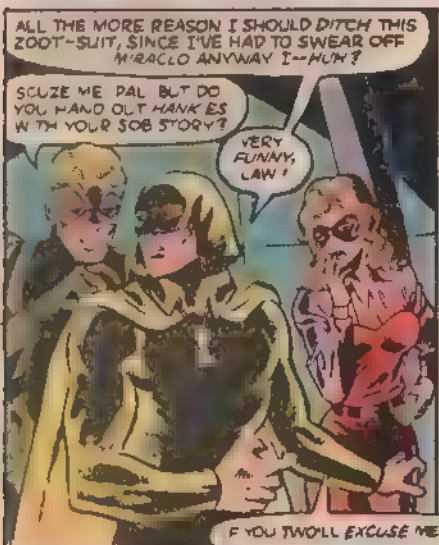
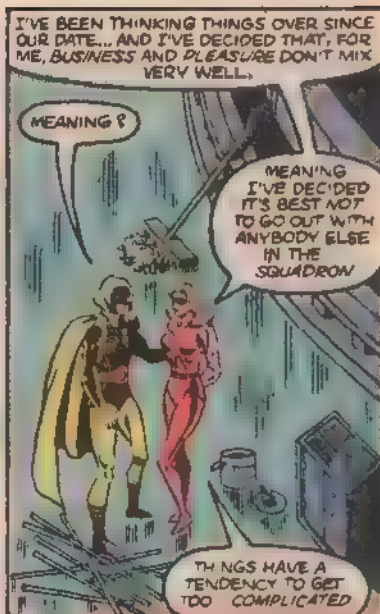
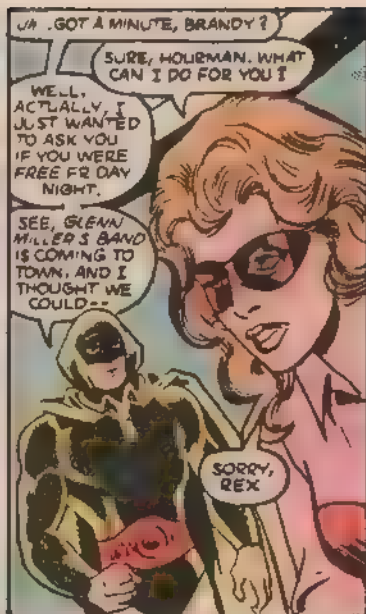


YOU-WILL-  
ALERT-NO-  
ONE.

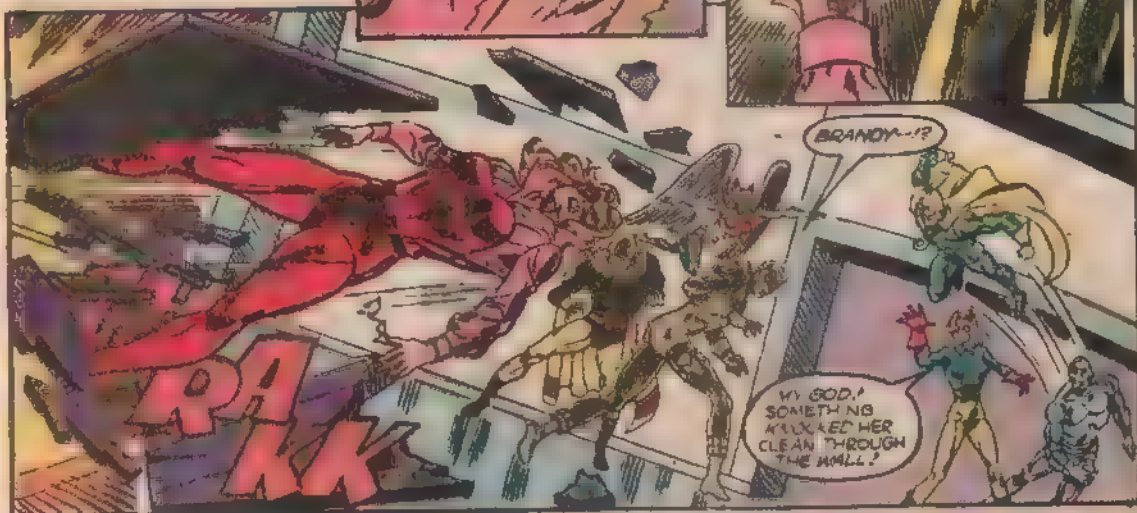
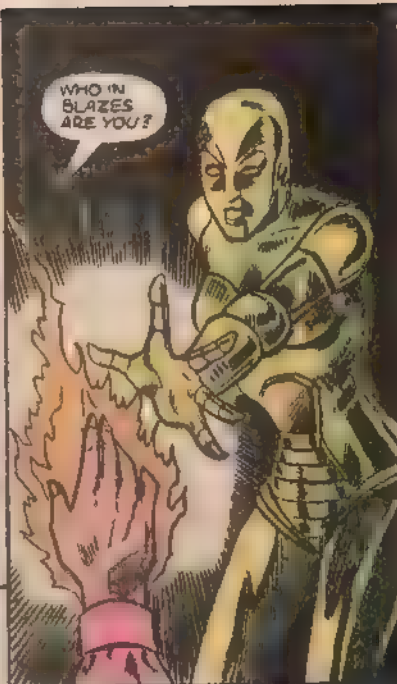
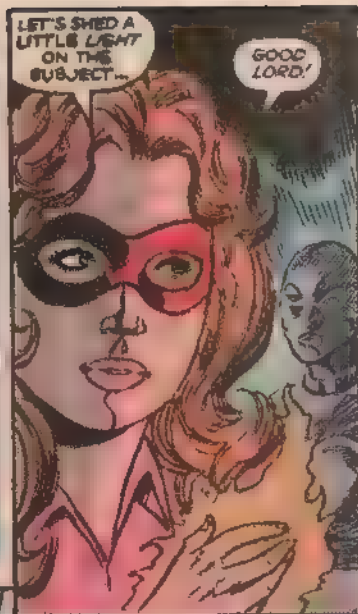
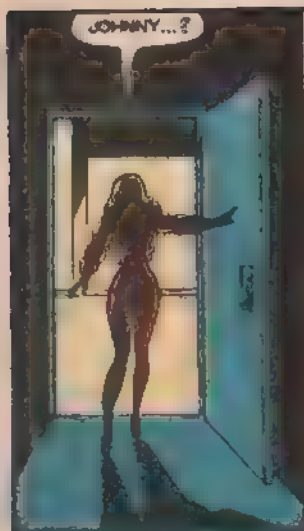
A-SINGLE-ELECTRON-  
CHARGE-SHOULD-BE-  
SUFFICIENT-TO-RENDER-  
YOU-IMMOBILE.

THEN-I-CAN-  
CONTINUE-MY-  
MISSION-  
INSIDE





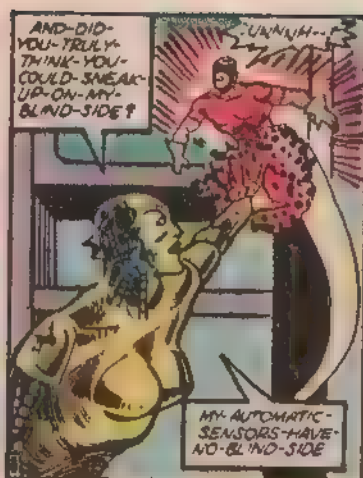






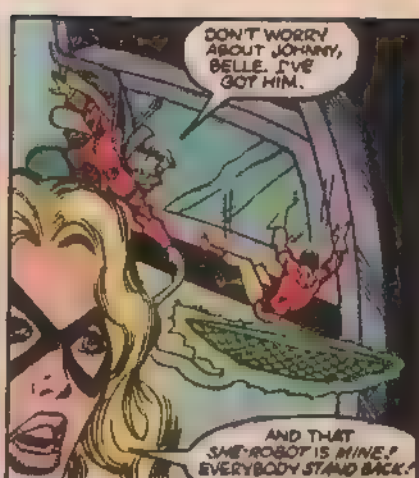


BUT I DO KNOW THAT YOU ARE IN MY WAY.



AND DID YOU TRULY THINK YOU COULD SNEAK UP ON MY BLIND SIDE?

MY AUTOMATIC SENSORS HAVE NO BLIND SIDE



DON'T WORRY ABOUT JOHNNY, BELLE. I'VE GOT HIM.

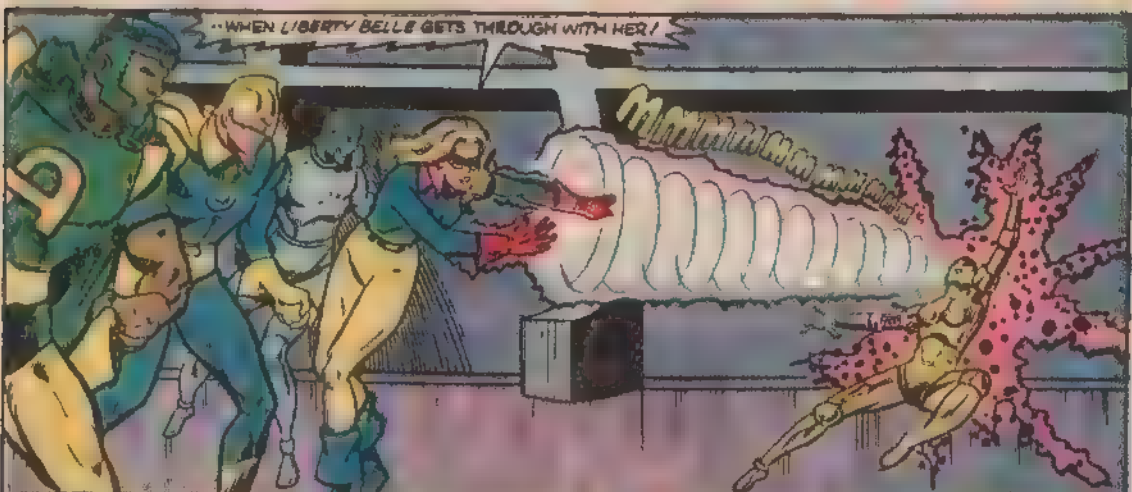
AND THAT SHE ROBOT IS MINE! EVERYBODY STAND BACK!



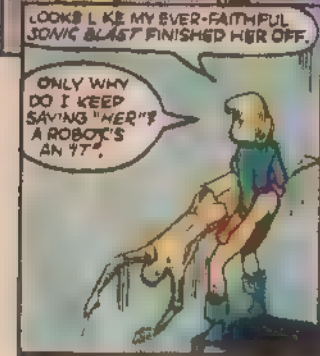
HAH! BELLE! THE ROBOT ONLY STAINED THOSE ALL STARS-- NOT KILLED THEM. MAYBE SHE REALLY MEANS NO HARM.

SHE'S FRIGHTENED-- DAMAGED--!

NOT HALF AS DAMAGED AS SHE'S GOING TO BE--

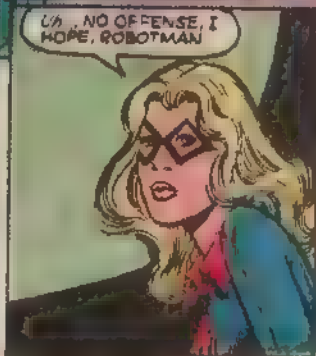


...WHEN LIBERTY BELLE GETS THROUGH WITH HER!

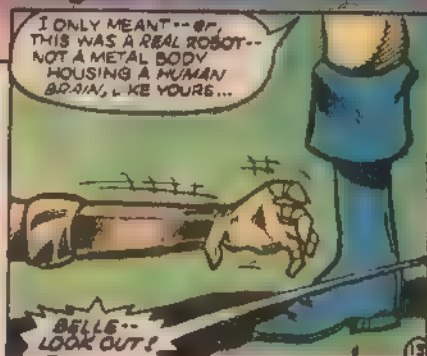


LOOKS LIKE MY EVER-FAITHFUL SONIC BLAST FINISHED HER OFF.

ONLY WHY DO I KEEP SAYING "HER" IF A ROBOT'S AN "IT"?



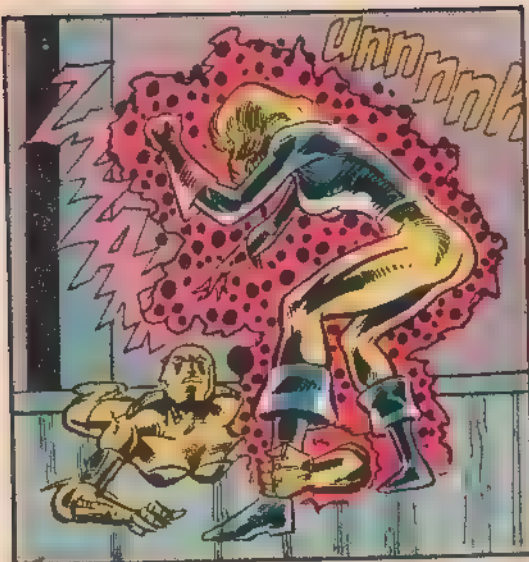
UH... NO OFFENSE, I HOPE, ROBOTMAN



I ONLY MEANT--ER, THIS WAS A REAL ROBOT-- NOT A METAL BODY HOUSING A HUMAN BRAIN, LIKE YOURS...

BELLE-- LOOK OUT!

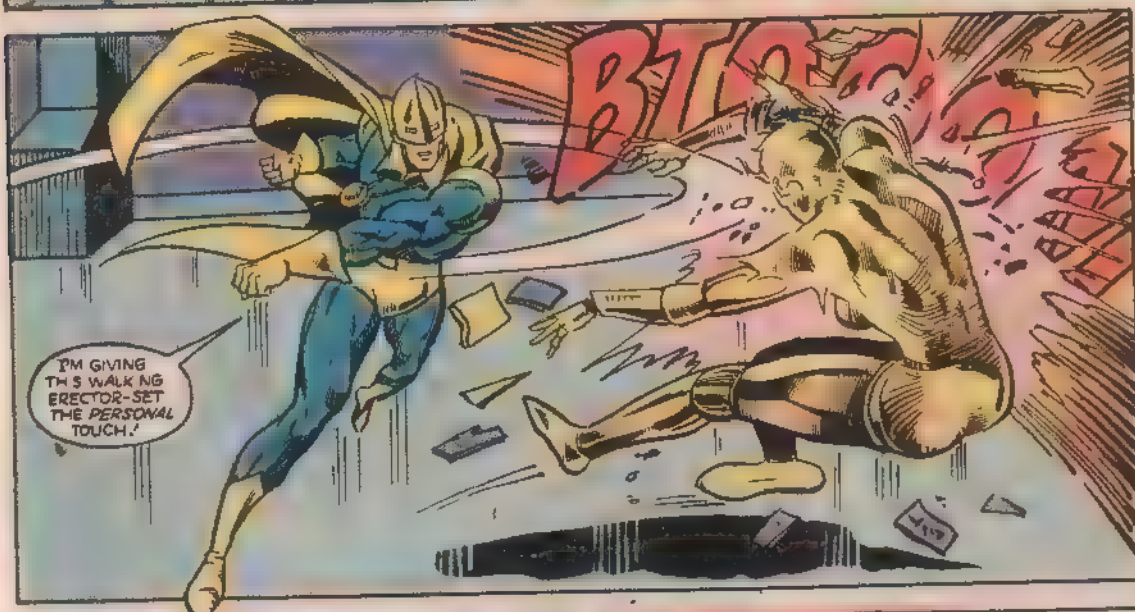




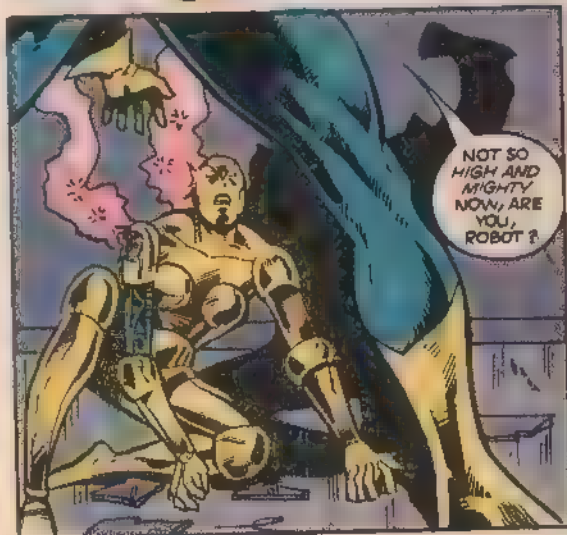
THAT DOES IT!  
I WAS ALMOST  
STARTING TO  
FEEL SORRY  
FOR HER--IT--  
BUT NOW--

DR. FATE 'DON'T  
GET IN MY PATH.'  
I WANT A CLEAR  
RING-SHOT AT--

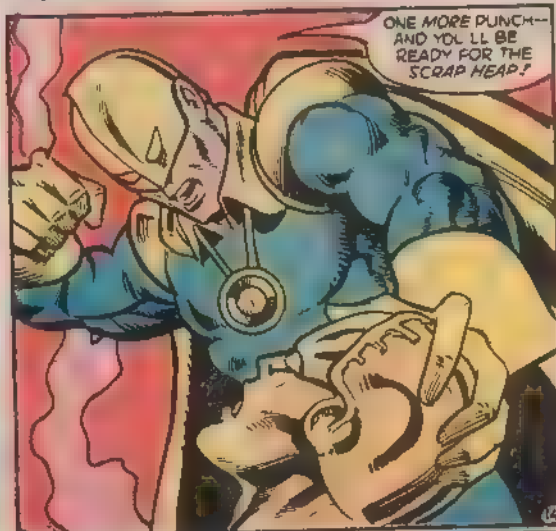
NOT  
THIS TIME,  
LANTERN..



I'M GIVING  
THIS WALKING  
ERECTOR-SET  
THE PERSONAL  
TOUCH!



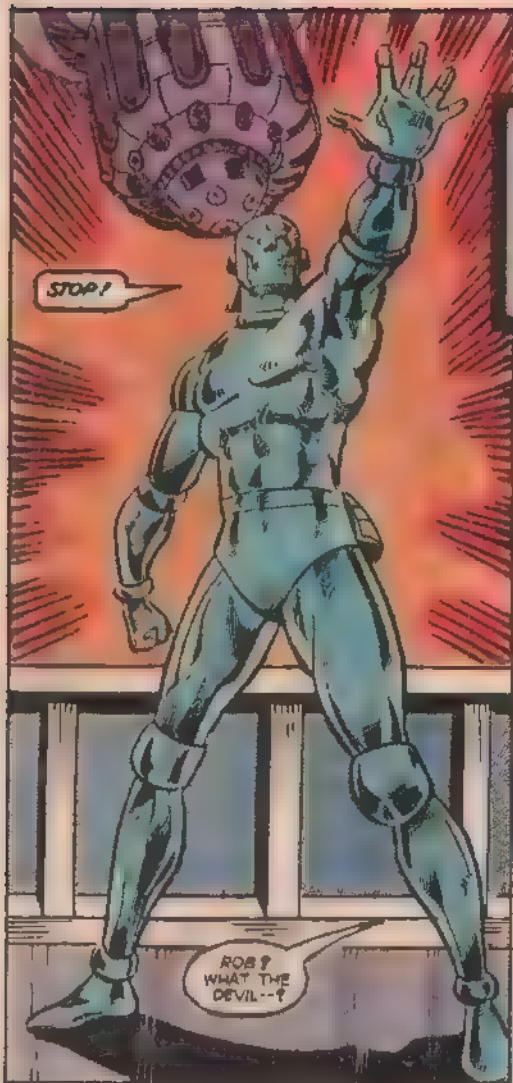
NOT SO  
HIGH AND  
MIGHTY  
NOW, ARE  
YOU,  
ROBOT?



ONE MORE PUNCH--  
AND YOU'LL BE  
READY FOR THE  
SCRAP HEAP!

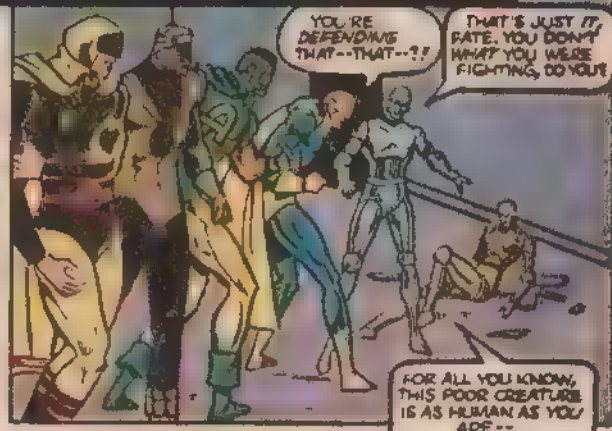
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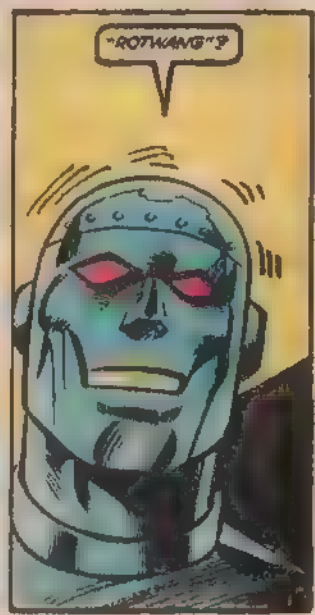
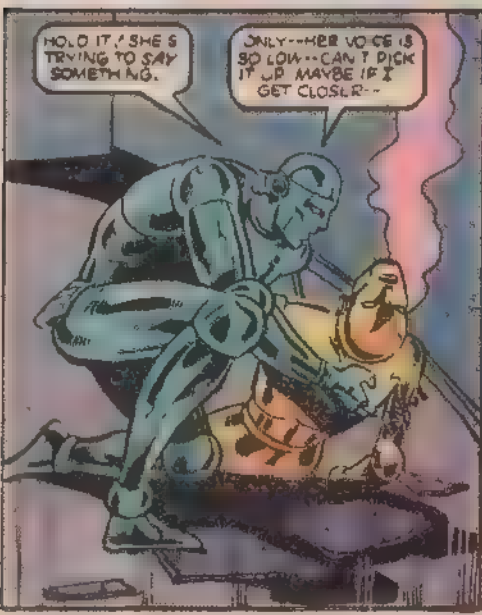


STRIKE THAT  
FALLEN ROBOT  
AGAIN, DR FATE--

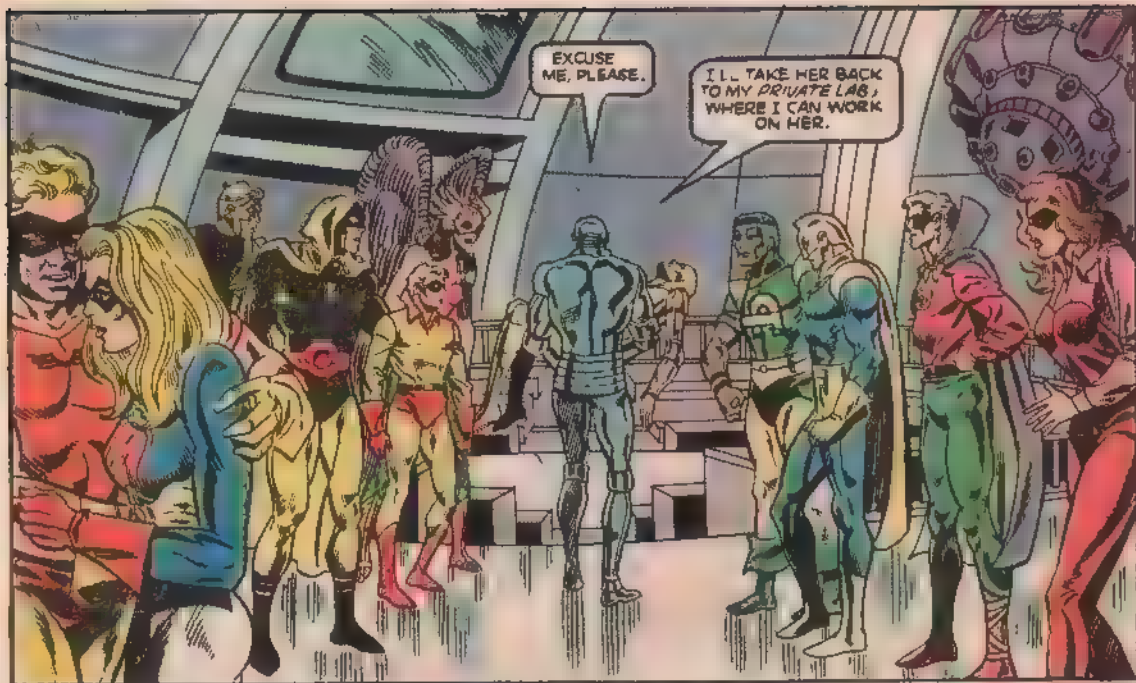
--AND I'LL  
WADE INTO  
YOU MYSELF!



FOR ALL YOU KNOW,  
THIS POOR CREATURE  
IS AS HUMAN AS YOU  
ARE--

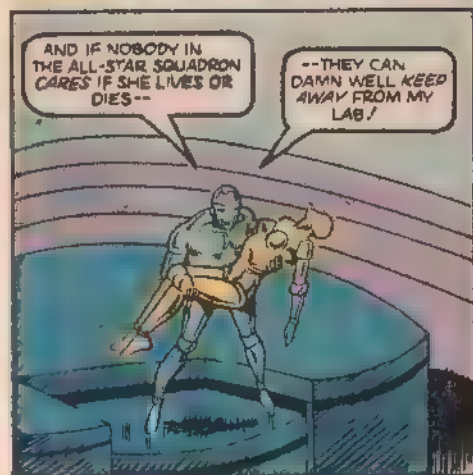






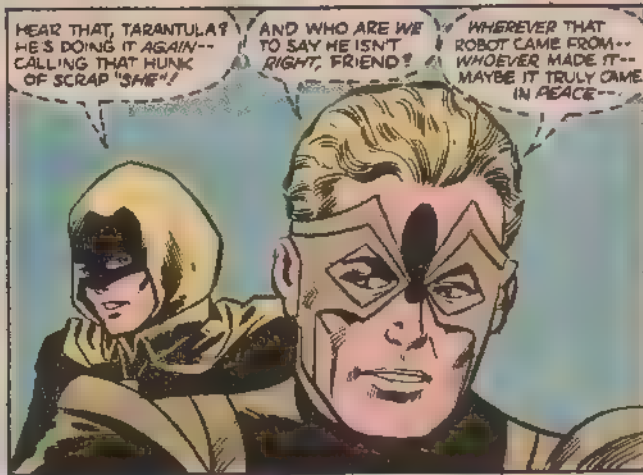
EXCUSE  
ME, PLEASE.

I'LL TAKE HER BACK  
TO MY PRIVATE LAB,  
WHERE I CAN WORK  
ON HER.



AND IF NOBODY IN  
THE ALL-STAR SQUADRON  
CARES IF SHE LIVES OR  
DIES--

--THEY CAN  
DAMN WELL KEEP  
AWAY FROM MY  
LAB!



HEAR THAT, TARANTULA?  
HE'S DOING IT AGAIN--  
CALLING THAT HUNK  
OF SCRAP "SHE"!

AND WHO ARE WE  
TO SAY HE ISN'T  
RIGHT, FRIEND?

WHEREVER THAT  
ROBOT CAME FROM--  
WHOEVER MADE IT--  
MAYBE IT TRULY CAME  
IN PEACE--



--BUT WE  
JUST WEREN'T  
INTELL GENT  
ENOUGH TO  
LISTEN!

IS THAT RIGHT, JONATHAN LAW?

THEN WHY THE MALEVOLENT  
GLEAM IN THE FALLEN  
ROBOT'S EYE, AS ROBOT-  
MAN STRIDES GRIMLY OUT  
THE DOOR TO STAND BENEATH  
A REDDISH SHROUD OF SKY...?



YEEOWWWW!!

OUCH!  
NOW I  
BANGED MY  
STUPID  
KNEE, TOO!

WHERE THE  
HECK'S THE LIGHT  
IN HERE,  
ANYMOOOWWW!

MERCURY'S SMALLEST OF THE PLANETS OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM, AND BY FAR THE NEAREST TO  
THE BLAZING HEAT OF THE SUN. ITS SURFACE TEMPERATURE IS HOT ENOUGH TO MELT LEAD  
OR TIN AND ITS "YEAR" LASTS LESS THAN THREE OF OUR MONTHS  
AT LEAST THAT'S THE WAY MERCURY GOES IN OUR DIMENSION-- AND THINGS SEEM HARDLY  
DIFFERENT IN HYPERSPACE--!

THAT'S MORE LIKE  
IT? BUT IT'S HOTTER  
IN HERE THAN AN  
AUGUST DAY IN ST.  
LOUIS!

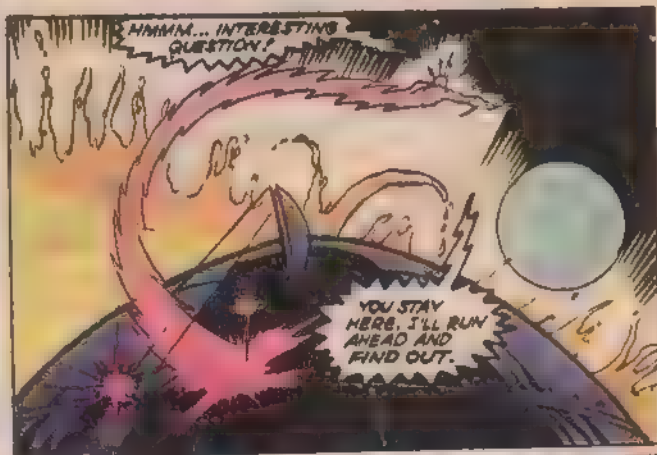
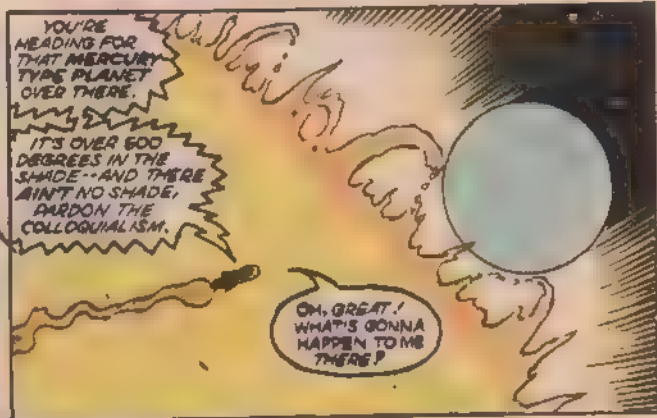
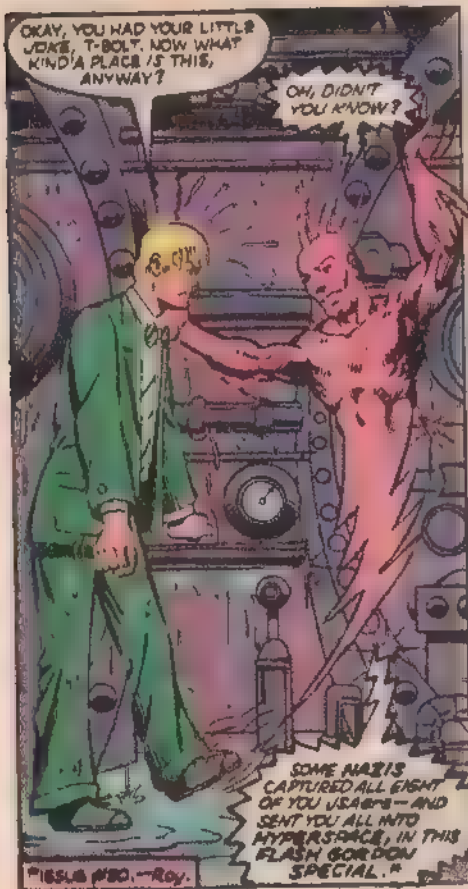
**JOHNNY  
THUNDER**

HAS JUST SAID THE BAHONIS AN  
HEX WORDS "CEI-U," OR RATHER  
THE B-ENGLISH EQUIVALENT "SAY,  
YOU," THUS SETTING HIMSELF  
OVER HIS LIVING FINGER-TOES  
FOR PRECISELY ONE HOUR --ROV

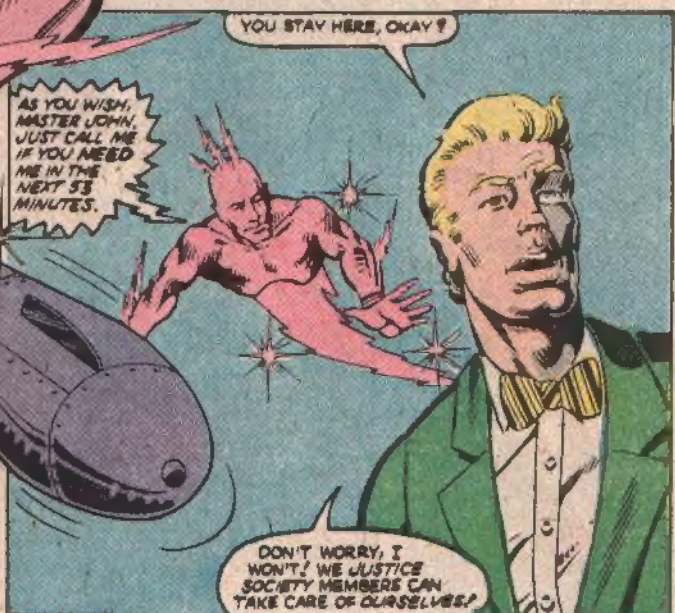
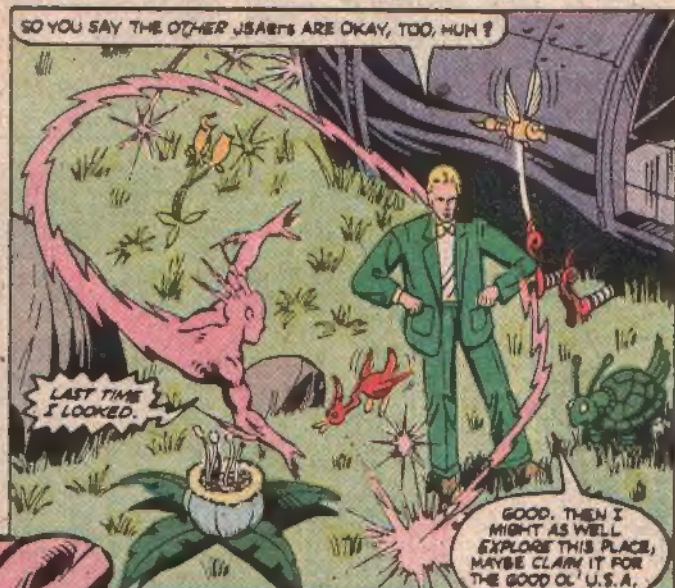
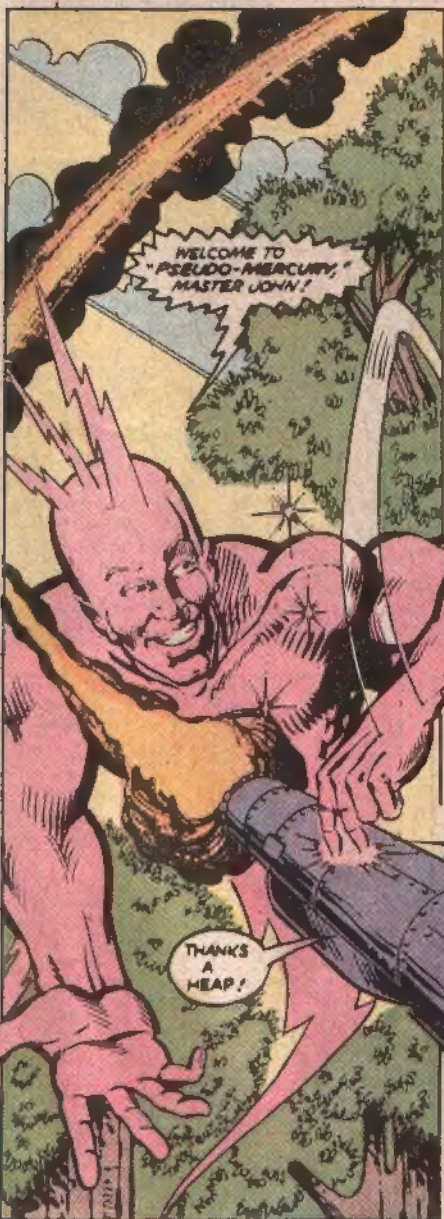
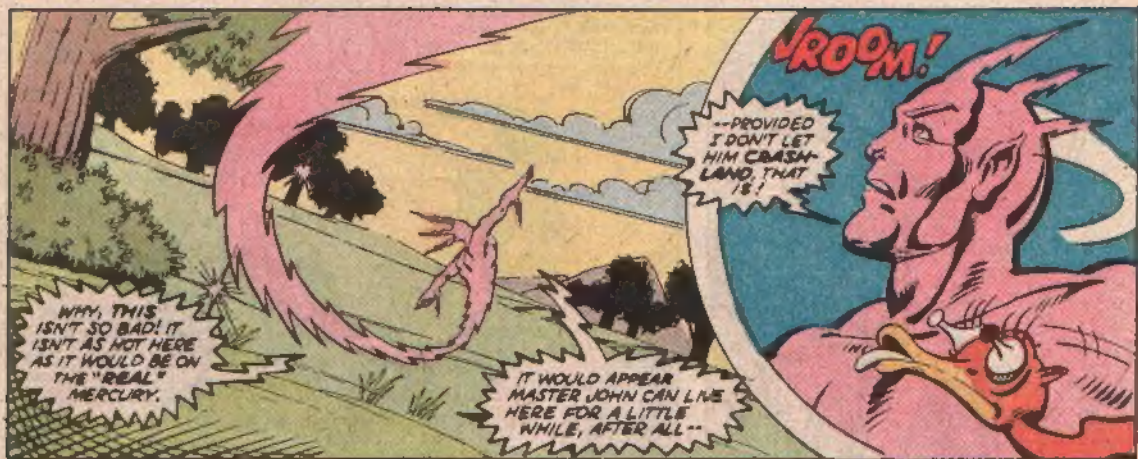
SAY, YOU'D THINK  
I WAS ON A STAGE,  
WITH A BUNCH OF HOT  
STAGE LIGHTS GLAZING  
UP AT ME! #

THIS CHAPTER ADAPTED  
FROM MATERIAL BY  
GARDNER F. FOX AND  
STAN JOSEPH ASCH  
IN ALL-STAR COMICS  
#13, 1942.  
ART BY  
MIKE CLARK &  
JERRY ACERNO

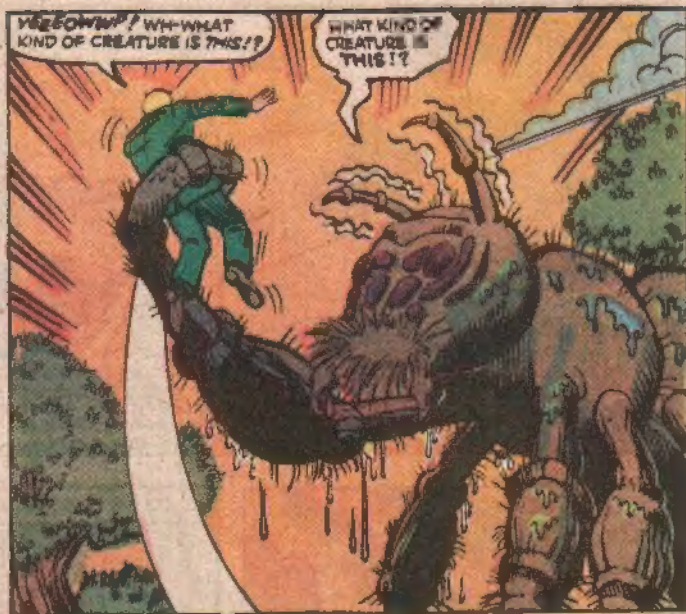
















WHA--  
WHAT  
FELL ON  
ME?

HEY!  
I'VE BEEN  
CAPTURED  
BY SOME  
GIANT ANTS  
OR SPIDERS  
OR SOME-  
THING!



MAYBE THIS  
OCCULATOR  
WILL HELP US  
COMMUNICATE.

THUD

IT SEEMS WILL!  
WHAT'S GOING ON  
AROUND HERE,  
ANYHOW?



YOU MUST--AHEAD!  
BEWARE! BEWARE!  
THE HUNGRY ONE  
APPROACHES!

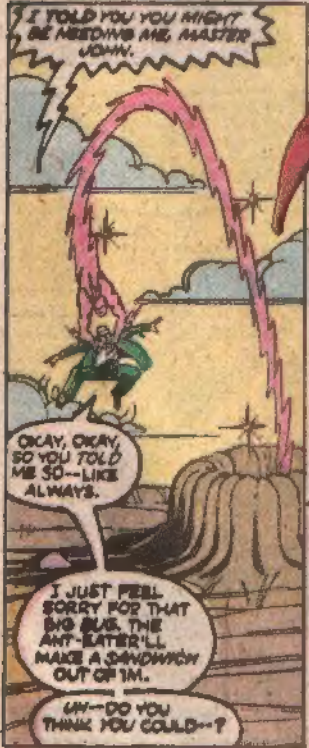
"THE HUNGRY ONE!"  
WHAT'S--NOLY COME!



IT'S A GIANT  
ANT-EATER!

ROOOO RR

THUNDERBOLT!  
COME GET ME  
OUTTA HERE--  
BUT FAST!



I TOLD YOU YOU MIGHT  
BE NEEDING ME, MASTER  
JOHN.

OKAY, OKAY,  
SO YOU TOLD  
ME SO--LIKE  
ALWAYS.

I JUST FEEL  
SORRY FOR THAT  
BUT THE  
ANT-EATER'LL  
MAKE A SANDWICH  
OUT OF HIM.

WH--DO YOU  
THINK YOU COULD--?



HSOOOOO

CAN SUPERMAN  
LEAP TALL  
BUILDINGS AT A  
SINGLE BOUND?



LISTEN, GUYS, I'VE GOT A FLASH  
FOR YOU: IF YOU BUILD YOUR  
ENTRANCE ON THE ISLAND IN THE  
MIDDLE OF THIS QUICKSAND, THE  
HUNGRY ONE WON'T BE ABLE  
TO GET YOU NEXT TIME.

NOW WHY  
DIDN'T WE  
THINK OF  
THAT?

HEY, DON'T FEEL BAD.  
WE USA MEMBERS ARE  
A BUNCH OF MENTAL  
HEAVYWEIGHTS.  
THAT'S ALL!



SOON, WHEN JOHNNY'S THUNDERBOLT HAS HELPED THE "MERCURY" BUGS MOVE TO THE QUICKSAND-SURROUNDED ISLE...

